THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1373.

Original Poetry.

BUT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ——

But is a word which fills but little place.
But often sends our cheeks to crimson.
But, when we enter, has neither art a place,
But it is oft when we're unkind to blame

But we're ever ready with excuse,
The world is full of it, that's pretty, yet sad peace.
But seldom see them but in safety, pain and ill,
And are dissatisfied with human bliss.

Lovers each with health and wealth should be content.
But envy does he sadness sore pursue.
But I care, he says, "a million of good cent,
But" wrinkled man, "my neighbor has got it too."

To be thought great and far above the poor.
Mother delights to smile his winter to charm
He drives, with pride, a handsome coach and four.
They're very fine—But they are not his own.

Last night, my friend, did you meet with sweet preach?
He was unknow, how clear and logical!
Yes, I admired the beauty of the speech.
Twas very good—But then I never wrote it all.

With poem rose, to cheer his drooping eyes.
They later said she was a fool to read and write.
And to the voters does his homage pay.
Ready to bow to all their kind commands!
But woe to all that don't give their votes.

With truth, you see, I gently top along.
And, without care, I sing a merry strain.
Showing their weakness, and their wrong.
—But, reader, make a better, if you can.

D. D. LEWIS.

I THINK OF THEE.

INSCRIBED TO ——

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY M. SHIVELEY.

Sweet maiden! When the dews of morn
Hang tremulous on flowers and thorn,
And sparkling, in the morning light,
Like pretty pearls or diamonds bright
Are dropped from Heavens upon the earth
I think of thee.

When high amid you azure plain
The golden orbed of day doth reign
And scatters, with a mighty hand
His beams to every land on land,
And many a sparkling rain would I count
I think of thee.

When in the home, at noon or day,
He heard thy whisper to my ear
Without a murmur or a sound
To break the solemn air profound,
That engage the garden flowers around
I think of thee.

And when at midnight deep, I rise
To implore aid upon his knees
And dream, and whisper soft and low
Thee, as my soul—thee unto whom I long
Brenda like as angels to rest
I think of thee.

Original Tales.

THE HISTORY OF A DAY.
AND OF A LIFE.
A SKETCH FOR HUSBANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mrs. Lundy had been up for half an hour, busy about one thing and another, when Mr. Lundy rubbed his eyes open, and complained, after thinking over the matter for some time (for his custom was, it was time for him to be getting ready for breakfast, before he got out of bed and commenced thinking himself),

"I wish you would get me some hot water, Ary Ann," he said to his wife. "I must shave myself this morning."

Mrs. Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a little toasting-jack.

"Yes, dear," she replied. "It is contrary." And kept on with her work, standing in front of the fire. Mr. Lundy believed the word Satan stays in the hot water.

Mr. Lundy waited about a minute, and then said, a little impatiently,

"I wish you would get it me now, Agnes. I can't think decently with my head where."

The wife put down the child and went for the hot water, while her husband seated himself and waited for her return. On receiving the water, the shaver, Mr. Lundy commenced shaving himself. When about half done, he turned to his wife, who was leaving the room, and said,

"I wish you would tell Bill to clean the old pair of boots. My own ones hurt me."

After shaving and dressing himself, Mr. Lundy sat down to read his newspaper until breakfast time. Had anything of importance occurred in the fort and the time did not always agree together, a circumstance that fretted Mr. Lundy, who was a very punctual man.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lundy had herself and two children to get ready for the morning meal, and she was working diligently to that end when her husband took up his paper. Bob and Maggy were at the table, and had been at long at usual to enter into proper order, and Mrs. Lundy made sure, in a voice of more than ordinary loudness, that her husband heard her.

"Bob, you have washed your face, and combed your hair, and Maggy, you have washed your face and hands, and combed your hair, and the children are all ready for breakfast, and I am ready, and I wish you would put down that paper and come to breakfast, for I am sure I have been at work long enough for you."

"I'm coming," he hears, on the stairs, from his wife.

"I'm glad of it," he further gruffly responds. "I know your minute wouldn't be much less than half an hour. I wish you would try to be more punctual; this ever being behind time annoys me terribly."

There are some meek words said about the time it takes to dress and see after so many children; but they make no impression whatever upon the mind of Mr. Lundy. They are uttered as a kind of excuse, and he regards them as of no more account.

"These sausages are done to death," said Mr. Lundy.

The wife remained silent, but looked worried.

"Mere dish-water!" Mr. Lundy set his saucer down on the table with an expression of disgust on his face. The coffee was not to his liking.

"I wish, Agnes, you would look a little after them in the morning. We haven't had anything fit to eat at breakfast time for a month."

"I don't know how I can do more than I now do, Mr. Lundy. I'm sure I've not had a moment to breathe since I got up."

"Still, I think you might spare a moment or two to see if things are going right in the kitchen. Comfortable meals are half the comfort a man has at home."

Mrs. Lundy sighed, but answered nothing to his ungenerous remark.

"Your head looks like a perfect mop, Agnes," said the husband, as he leaned back to pick his teeth, after having finished his breakfast, and made a more careful observation of his wife's appearance. "You are getting downright careless about your person."

Mr. Lundy did not expect any reply to this, and he was not disappointed.

Tom children to wait upon at the table kept Mrs. Lundy too busy to eat more than a mouthful or two herself. It was time to get the three oldest ready for school, when they had finished their meal, and she left the table, where she had been a mere waiter, and not a participant in the good cheer, to get on Maggy's gloves and bonnet, to tuck up Will's books and cap, and to change Mary's frock, she having spilled a cup of coffee on it at the table.

"The children will be late to school," calls out the punctual Mr. Lundy, who has gone back into the parlor to read more news, and to wonder for the fortieth time what could have detained Scott last night, but cannot be fully answered, as he was not permitted him to read through.

"Ant there his boots are brought in.

"Why didn't you black the old pair, as I said? he asks of the boy, impatiently.

"I didn't know you wanted the old pair," replies the boy.

"Didn't! Mr. Lundy tell you that I wished them?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I do. Go and brush them as quickly as you can. I ought to have been at the store long ago."

Mrs. Lundy, who is coming down stairs with the children, at last ready for school, hears what has been said to the boy, and is thankful that a matter of her neglect is not having interested here that her husband wanted his old boots.

"I declare, Mr. Lundy, I forgot to tell John," he says. "I have so much to think about and see after."

"No matter—I'll attend to it myself next time. If you want a good servant, serve yourself," coldly replies Mr. Lundy.

The children are off to school. Mr. Lundy almost having himself off also save as he stands with his hand upon the door.

"I wish, Agnes, you would see that Sarah has been in time. You know how it annoys me to wait."

"I will say to have it get ready" replies the wife, with an expression of pain and fruitless pleasing upon her face.

"Are you not well, Agnes?" Mr. Lundy asks, in a kind tone. She replies, "I've been suffering with a dreadful neck ache all the morning, and I feel as if every nerve in my head were alive."

"Why don't you take something for it? I would if sides as you do, if I had to have every tooth in my head extracted."

Mr. Lundy hastens away with a feeling of discontentment. She is literally burdened, and has no true sympathy.

Mr. Lundy walks towards his store, health in every vein, and vigor in every muscle, and his step goes wonderfully up to her chamber, half mad with pain, and every nerve quivering as it responds.

Arrived at his store, Mr. Lundy smiles and chats with a customer, makes a few entries in his day book, fills up three or four checks, and pays two or three bills, and then sits down with a good cigar in his mouth, and, giving up his make up the sum of his doings, and tossing him, with a good appetite, to the table

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. C. W.—We have received a number of poems from C. C. R., some of which we will publish—others we think are hardly good enough to add to his reputation.

The Devil's Return.—There is some merit in this poem, but the author seems to compose too easily; and this his verse shows the want of more study, without which no one can hope to rise to the dignity of song like a chip.

Editor.—Leslie's coupon is not accompanied by the answer.

The Patriot.—We cannot Plato's poem must be means to our columns. We think, though, Plato could write a pretty good poem, if he only had something to say. His present poem, like too many of the contributions we receive, seems to us merely words, words, words.

The Patriot's Book, is accepted. It is rather long for a sigh, though.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

As the Post Office regulation relative to Drafts, has been repealed, subscribers will have to resort to the old mode of forwarding current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

MAHOMETANISM.

There are few things more strange and wonderful in the history of mankind than the rise and fall of Mahometism. We say, the *fall*; for although the Mahometan, or, more properly speaking, Mohammedan religion still prevails in a large portion of the earth, and as the established faith of an extensive empire, still it has lost the original vigor and energy, and the principal states which obtain it, Turkey and Egypt, are destitute of vitality, and exist only by the sufferance of their powerful Christian neighbors. Contemplating the condition of Mohammedanism at the present day, we can hardly realize that power, energy, science and refinement, which marked its age of triumph. Wonderful indeed is it to trace the successive steps by which a religion, having its origin in the breast of one man, and cherished for many years by only a few members of his own family, finally included in its fold all the enthusiastic tribes of Arabia; rolling at length with an irresistible torrent over the greater part of Asia, the third of Europe, and all the northern continent portions of Africa. Nor was the mighty empire established through the power of this new religion, a mere barbarous sway. Under the Caliphs, Bagdad, the seat of the great Mahometan empire was the centre of learning and refinement, to which were attracted men of genius from all parts of the world. Yes, at a time when the most powerful barons of Europe could not write their names, and employed, or rather misemployed their time in brutal forays, science planted her wing at the splendid court of Haroun Alraschid, and the poet was the most honored guest of the mighty chiefs of Islamism. The Moors who spread their conquests in a long line of glittering light upon the northern coast of Africa, finally crossed into Spain, and there set before them the rude and uncultivated Europeans, were served with them science and the arts of peace, they built splendid castles, and diffused wherever they went, the high and generous spirit of their own heroic natures. Sorrowful, indeed, is it, to turn to Algiers and Tripoli, and Egypt, and Turkey, and Arabia, as they now are, and behold only dead ashes, as it were, where formerly shone so much genius, magnanimity and splendor. We can vaguely fancy the emotions that the wonderful fame should have so soon burnt out, and our hardly understood the children of such sires, should have become in a few centuries so ignorant and degraded.

But so it is, and from it we may gain a useful lesson as to the instability of national and individual greatness and grandeur, and learn how evanescent is that dominion and glory, which is built up by the sword alone.

But let us take a slight glance at that wonderful religion, around which vast interests in men have crystalized in such splendid and magnificent order. That it was a true religion, to some extent, is shown by its partial success; that it was also a false religion, as proven by its rapid crumbling away. Partly false and partly true, a doubtful one—true, so far as it was an advance upon the idolatry which it displaced; false, in so much as it was not founded upon principles of immutable truth and righteousness.

Those wild Arabians among whom Islamism took its rise, were a remarkable people. They were an imaginative race, as different from the Hebrew "Anglo Saxons," about whom so much is said now-a-days, as the night, lit up with countless myriads of stars, and in which the simplest objects take a thousand fantastic and mysterious shapes as from the sober, truthful daylight. They delighted in tales of the marvellous and grotesque, believing in them with the implicit faith of unquestioning, wonder-loving childhood. Poetry was their idol, and their poets the glory of their tribes. The possession of a great poet or orator by a tribe, frequently brought the other tribes into a kind of subjection to the one so favored by Heaven. Nearly all the Arabian poets assembled at the great fair at Okaz, and condemned for the prize of supremacy. It was one of their venerated sayings, that their nations should be to them instead of darkness, their tents instead of walls and houses, their camels instead of horses, and their poets instead of writers and books. In the verses of their poets were recorded all most dear to their hearts—the history of their race, and the triumphs of battle. Such was their admiration or eloquence that the beautiful style in which the Koran was written, (of much to be censured in the matter,) was said to be the cause of the Koran," said they, "is a permanent miracle, a greater than that of raising the dead, and sufficient of itself to convince the world of the divine origin of the book." So far was this love of poetry and eloquence carried, that one of the tribes which had amassed a poet, was stigmatized forever after as unworthy and ignoble—the babes sucked of the breast of a poet, ever singing for them. That song of their own had the heart to give, one their warmest is deep?

Having its birth among such a people, the Mahometan religion was to a considerable degree (as regards its virtues and their counterfeits) confined, however, by the superior virtue and genius of its author. The Arabs were temperate in their living, and Mahomet enjoined temperance. They were fatalists, and he made the sense of trust; they were sensual, and he asserted, though he restricted, sensuality; they were fierce, and Mahomet changed their fierceness into courage; they were bargainable and he made bargaining a virtue, giving duty were classified, and he made them the basis of the moral code; they were idolaters, and he made them worship the Creator.

This much for as to obedience to the spirit of his teaching; but in the letter, what was evil and most contemptible in his teachings, was his opposition to abide. "There is no God, but God," was the utmost extent of the new faith. "For mountains are your gods of wood and stone," said the Prophet, contemptuously," and the dust will shut to them."

And thus with sharp words, and sharper deeds, he rooted out idolatry, that parent of innumerable vices, from the wandering tribes of the desert.

The utmost notion that the Koran teaches that women are not endowed with souls, is erroneous. Mohammed taught that women are greatly inferior to men, but did not deny them substantiality of immortality into Paradise. It is very doubtful, however, whether that Paradise was to be the same as that of the men, for, as "green-robed Houries" are expressly provided for the latter hereafter, the place of the women in that Paradise seems to be filled.

Of the Mohammedan Paradise, the Koran gives a most ravishing descriptions. When the wings of judgment, Al Sirat, is passed—that bridge "which is sharper than the edge of a sword, more tenuous than a hair, and bent on each side with briars and fresh flowers"—the faithful shall be welcomed into Paradise by resplendent creatures, called from their bright black eyes, Houries. These beautiful elements are not made of common clay, like other creatures; but of pure essences and spirits, even from the Samum or desert, and subject to no decay of virtue or of beauty. Until the time when the destined lovers of these damsels arrive, they are secluded from public view in pavilions formed of a single hollow pearl, some of which are sixty miles long and as many broad. Of these beautiful Houries the meanest of the faithful will have seventy-two; while, that he may be well waited on, he will be furnished with the bidding number of eighty thousand servants. Those hundred dishes, each containing a different kind of food, will compose his simple and frugal meal, and it is provided that there shall be no failure or cloying of the appetite, such as accompanies the pleasures of Epicurus upon this finite earth. Wine, though forbidden in this world, is freely allowed the faithful in the next, the wine of Paradise, we suppose, of "cresting resolution." It is only fair to state, however, that according to the Prophet, the wine of Paradise will not intoxicate.

The ointment of the blessed will be of the most gorgeous smell, while diamonds and pearls will be scattered in such profusion as to be hardly worth the picking up. And to cap the climax of the true believer's felicity, it is stated, that it would be a journey of a thousand years for a true Mohammedan to travel through Paradise, and behold all the trees, streams, gardens, cities, jewels, houses, camels furniture, &c., &c., which belong exclusively to him.

As regards Polygamy, the best authorities give Mohammed the credit of having restrained the practice—as far as he interfered with it at all. The Koran permits but four wives, but Mahomet supplied their wives to a great excess, sometimes for the sake of their dowry, and at others from more licentiousness. The Koran appears to limit the number of wives and concubines, together, to four; but as its language on its views and opinions on other classes take advantage of its indecisiveness by keeping within, or exceeding the stated limit, at their pleasure. Some, therefore, in addition to the four wives, have a large number of concubines. Mohammed himself, *by a special revelation* to that effect, was permitted to have as many wives as he thought proper. The number with which he contented himself appears to have been nine.

Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, and his favorite follower, had *four* wives and seventeen concubines—availing himself of the facilities of divorce afforded by the Koran, half, during his life, more than two hundred of one or the other. He sometimes included four wives in one contract—first divorcing the four, and taking four others in their place. Mr. Lane gives an instance of a man, who in the course of his life, married more than two hundred women. This was the Dyer of Bagdad, who died in the year of the Flight, 451, aged eighty-five years. Supposing, therefore, that he married his first wife when he was fifteen, he married, on an average nearly three women per annum. This is almost equal to King Solomon, who had "seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines," and gave it as his experience, that "all was vanity."

As we have not yet referred to the Mohammedan belief in the doctrine of Predestination, we will close these desultory remarks with an anecdote which illustrates the firm faith which this belief created. When Napoleon was in Egypt, El Coraim, sheriff of Alexandria, though treated with the greatest consideration by the French, and the Mamelukes, an offence for which he was condemned to pay a fine of three hundred thousand francs, he replied the French treasury, not his head. On being brought to Cairo, it was represented to him by the French officers, that he could not pay so large a sum, and that he was "not so rich," said one, "and will not feel the sacrifice." He replied drily, "If I am to die now, too, though not to-day nor to-morrow, I shall have three years' pasaires. If I am not to die, why should I give them?" He persisted in his resolution, and was executed on the third day afterwards.

HENRY CLAY'S SPEECH.

The speech of Mr. Clay, at Lexington, on Saturday, was not reported in full, as our contemporaries of the daily press desired. Mr. Clay thought that as he had been so frequently misrepresented in various battles about 20,000 men, made about 7,000 prisoners, including eighteen generals, one of them Ex-President Santa Anna, and fifteen corps. The killed and wounded Mexicans amounted to 4,000, of all ranks, while entire corps were either dispersed or annihilated. The spoils in point of ordnance, more than trebling our siege train and artillery, with a large number of small arms, and a full supply of ammunition of every kind.

That the primary cause of the war was the annexation of Texas, and that the President was right in the measures of Mr. Trist, as well as of himself, the establishment of a military government in Mexico, and the appointment of Gen. Taylor to remove the army from Corpus Christi to a point opposite Matamoras, and the blockade of the Mexican ports, were points that it is its duty, to declare by some authentic action what purpose and object the existing war ought to be further prosecuted, and that it is the duty of the President to comment to such a declaration, and if there should be decline or refuse to conclude a treaty with us, stipulating for the purposes and objects so declared by Congress, it would be the duty of the President to prosecute the war to the utmost vigilance, until they were attained by a treaty of peace.

That the Lexington meeting was with serious alarm, and are utterly opposed to any purpose of annexation of Mexico to the United States, and the people, and especially by conquest.

That, considering our splendid victories, the Mexican people can appreciate the virtues of moderation and magnanimity, without their honor suffering the slightest tarnish. That we the Lexington people have no love for the Santa Anna party in the Republic of Mexico, but only the just and proper "Santa Anna" horrid word, that, of the limits of the United States.

That we (the meeting aforesaid) do practically and emphatically disclaim and disavow any wish or desire on our part to acquire any foreign territory whatever, for the purpose of propagating slavery, or of introducing slavery from the United States into such foreign territory.

Such is the substance of the resolutions offered by Mr. Clay, and which he supported by the following speech. We have thought it well to publish this summary of them, inasmuch as the ground taken by Mr. Clay, and which he has taken by the party intends to occupy at the coming session of Congress—and both Democrats and Whigs are equally interested in all important movements made by either party.

We may remark, in conclusion, that Mr. Clay is said to have declined in his speech, that Mr. Madison personally was opposed to the war at first. In relation to the calling out of militia and supplies, passed when the news came of the perilous situation of our army in Mexico, and which were opposed by the factionists the war—acting by the aid of Mexico, Mr. Clay is reported to have said, that if, during the heat and excitement of the supplies—rather than have voted for the atrocious and declaration, he would have laid down his life in the battle-field—substantially the same ground taken by Mr. Calhoun.

The above resolutions in full, with a sketch of Mr. Clay's speech, were subsequently given by the Pennsylvanian Inquirer and the Daily News, in extenso from Lexington!

TRIAL OF COL. FREMONT.

**The trial of Col. Fremont, like the present country, is progressive. It daily fills up some time to those collusion in the Washington papers, which cause everybody else to be interested, but those to the subject. If Col. Fremont is convicted, he will be liable to be shot, we believe, according to military law; but his life is safe from the danger from the Court Martial as our own. The fact is, that in these progressive days, we have almost all the privileges of the savage, with the addition to which the peculiarities of our condition enable us to enjoy. Thus, while we would be shot in Mexico, as he has been very comparatively persecuted to do, (as our readers will see by an other place,) whether the idea of punishing him for a crime, by departing him from his command, would ever enter anybody's head—indeed, penal consequences were actually to result from the sentence of the Court Martial, which we have already stated to be wrong, but little or no punishment from the Court Martial as our own. The fact is, that in these progressive days, we have attained all the privileges of the savage state

United States SATURDAY POST.

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MORTIMER T. WISE, do. do. do. for New York State.

The World Abroad.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IVA FALLTEN—THEIR CAUSES—APPLICATIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT TO A PUBLIC CHARITY FOR ASSISTANCE WITH THE MASSES—THE STATE OF ENGLAND AMONG THE LOWER CLASSES.—JOY OF LONDON—A PARADOX OF SMILES—THE PARLIAMENT—THE ARCHBISHOPS, THE FINES, AND THE FRANCHISE CRISIS.—THE CRIMEAN PRISON SYSTEM—CHARITY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—A SATIRE IN HEBREW—MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP—THE HIGHLANDERS—A MATRIMONIAL ROMANCE—A BANK OF ENGLAND MANIAC—MISCELLANEOUS—THE NEW PARLIAMENT—FINANCIAL CONDITION IN FRANCE.

Bristol, England, Oct. 18, 1841.

Although I generally confine my remarks to the mere chit-chat and minor incidents of life, as well as to the extraordinary character of the times which are happening, justly a few farthing comments on the large features that have occurred in the political world, as well as upon the endeavors that are in progress to relieve the Government to relieve the embarrassments, and subdue the discontents of the ragged and Deputations to the Minister formed at London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. Now the number of large towns in the United Kingdom, within the last three months, involving, in many instances, assert, upwards of £100,000 in indebtedness. But as the smoke of the cotton is now clearing away, and people generally have time to contemplate matters more calmly, they begin to see themselves a few probing questions. For example:

In a great commercial country would not several of these houses have failed in the common course of things, and without the existence of any panic at all?

The belief is that at least fifty would have failed as a matter of common course, and that the most here remark that even one hundred and twenty are lost less as compared with the commerce of England, which the several of them are very extensive houses.

Were such houses independently of present causes, generally sound or rotten?

The answer is obvious. They were to the most part insolvent, and had been, to the trade—trading on a great name and a false capital.

Did they speculate out of their usual business?

Yes. In railroads, stocks, &c.

Were they monopolists?

Yes. The great houses were so.

Will these trade be lost to the community?

No—for the vast transactions of a man cannot really, will soon be divided among a few hundred.

Has the capital (there) not been lost?

No. It has merely passed out of their hands into the hands of others—from the iron to the wood, and most of the insolvent firms will pay from 10 to 15s. in the pound.

Is the Bank of England in a good condition?

No—for it shows a large balance, including its own, about £14,000,000 sterling, £12,000,000 of its debt, and it has £8,000,000 in specie. But if a run came it could not be expected to meet such holders, who are only as if were like any other commercial firm, should demand and keep the balance which they have at their command.

Neither is the forbearance in any way exhausted for wars and threats.

Now, under all these circumstances (the loudly canvassed cry of want be obvious that the people in the country are mainly attributable to overtrading, to over-speculation and to unbounded credit), what is the extent, nature of, have most unduly engaged. And yet there are those who are ever ready to recommend others? Why an income paper, and such for the general good as to induce the people to live below and within their means, and for a long run, be found to future panics and mercantile disasters. Indeed it has been calculated that their panics would have been of little moment, and that then the pound would not be worth intrinsically more than 10s. instead of 20s. as now. If it has remain the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who will not meet for a few months, as it gives him a very opportunity to draw up a measure which the meantime it is well known that the Government are averse to any such paper schemes as are proposed, and although the country at large would suffer seriously from the failures, yet they seem to think it better to reconcile the perils of the time by industry and energy than to have to do with a sudden system—and that, in short, "to better not."

To-day the cry is heard:

Have fly! Have fly! Have fly!

I have before me a Parliamentary Return on a subject exceedingly important to fact, England and America, but about which the public at large is not understood. I mean the trade with China. A few Magazine writers have been making to attract it, but the general mass of the people, and even of the better classes, have no conception of the real importance of the trade. Considerable fun is used in Rome, but it is all expended on the Pope, and the Cardinals, and down to Paul, by which it appears that in the last year the imports into China alone

From Great Britain	$20,500,784
In Bengal ships	8,017,000
In American	2,000,000
From all other countries	1,417,431
Specie for the year	4,000,000
Total imports	$41,000,784

The exports from China were

England and British India	$20,997,301
United States	4,000,000
All other countries	1,000,000
Total Exports	$26,000,000

Seven Lead has of trough left for Hamburg, with Belgium money enough to support a dozen peoples. Here Stocks are dull, and the Funds are going to bargain and dearness. Al Gorh, now Tsiun, there will be 10,000 Protestant Christians to celebrate the Christmas who fell in the July 27th, 1839. Sir T. Reade, Baron Cussac, and the Catholic Vicar of Tavistan negotiated with the Pope for the removal from the memorial monument of slaughter. But on the day fixed, a military mob set upon the Bishops and compelled them to retire. It is worth observing that they would make another appeal to all the Christian states present. The insurance of the passport and his non-interference with the peace there since last—but were obliged to retire. The French papers express a hope that the Reade will demand satisfaction for the outrage.

A singular circumstance occurred a few Sundays ago, at a village church in the north of the Land Tyne. The Rector, knowing that he should be absent at the morning service, requested his curate to preach the sermon. The curate, who had a written discourse of signal eloquence and power, and the congregation expressed their warmest admiration. In the afternoon the same discourse attended in the surprise of his flock delivered the same sermon verbatim as they had heard from the curate in the morning. The people were accordingly puzzled, until an old member of the church, more extensively read than his neighbors, indicated the agreeable fact that the sermon in question was one of the early best to be found in the writings of Archbishop Tillotson. A few days ago, his lordship, in his 84th year of age, breathed his last.

accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Dixon, was proceeding to Bishopthorpe in his carriage, when an overturned bridge in the Bishop's grounds gave way, and carriage, horses, Bishop, clergyman and driver were all precipitated into deep water. They were extricated with difficulty, when the Bishop, laughing, said:—Well, Dixon, we have frightened the frogs, at any rate." But the Rev. Mr. D. was more frightened than the frogs, for he took to his bed where he remained for a day or two. A large cave or gaol has just been opened at Leeds, for the "separate," or Pennsylvania system, about which the public here are decided, and about which the people, in the most admirable method ever devised for the punishment of criminals with a view to their reform, while others contend that it produces madness! Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Much to the honor of the "Society of Friends" in England, they have purchased a large tract of land on the coast of Donegal, Ireland, for £10,000, where they intend to establish a better colony, in which the hope that of that virtuous may be profitably employed. Of a truth they are patrons of practical Christianity. Fag, the noted "Happy King" of all England, died on Sunday last week at Kirk Gelloday, aged 56. During the performance of Black Eyed Susan, a few nights ago, at the Victoria Theatre, a sailor sprung on the stage from the pit, and began laying about him furiously. He was at length secured, and, while being Susan (Miss Vincent) in his arms, swore he would "protect her against a whole gang of such d—d cowardly villains." The scene was intensely interest and excitement, and it was several minutes before "Jack" was made to understand that it was all a make-believe. He then retired from the stage, looking like Macbeth, when he exclaims—

Hence—unreal mockery—hence!

The French papers say that M. Guizot has returned to France, having succeeded on negotiations with the Government of New Grenada, for a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. The Isthmus at Ferale has discovered that vinegar taken in large doses, is a cure for hydrophobia. A physician at Dallas, hearing of Arnold's success, tried the experiment on a patient in the hospital of that city, giving a pound of vinegar in the morning, and another dose at noon and sunset. The patient has been completely cured. This remedy, asserting it is so simple, ought to be universally published.

During the month of August, a bathing guard of the Shrewsbury Mail, named Moore, fell in love with a beautiful young woman, who was bathing in the waters of Colwyn Bay, in North Wales. The acquaintance

Selected Poetry.

From the Baltimore Sun.

SONGS OF LABOR.

THE DROVERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A freer, manlier life than ours
No man of toil is living—
Through heat and cold and rain and showers
Still onward cheerly driving.
But, see, the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the waterside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling; comrades mine,
Our fold-note beasts are weary,
And through you silent hermit pines
Invites us all to tarry.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His lowliest fire is glowing
These ample barns with feed in store
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
By bleak or rugged mountain,
From hillside where through spongy moss
Oozes the first cold fountain,
From quarl-fern-dotted, green and low,
And bright with blooming clover,
From vales of corn the wondering crow
No richer harvest covers;

Day after day our way has been,
Five weary hills and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
One mantly deeve we follow.
Through dust clouds rising thick and dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns gleam in the sun
Like plumes and crests before us.

We pass them, slowly climb the hill,
As slow behind it sinking;
Or, through the clear, still twilight, trouble rill
On sentry lullabie drinking.
Now, crowding in the narrow road,
In flocks and droves they hasten;
They place upon the mountain's load
Or rustling reach which passes
Anon, with tuneful bell and dog
And pace of herd and heifer,
They jump some farmer's broken gate
Or meadow-close or fallow.
Forth comes the startled good man, forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally
Till some more on their dusty path
The baffled tenants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony
Like those who grind their meagre down
On pastures bare and stony—
Lean oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows with dust-dry udders,
Disputing lordly with the frogs
The crop of weeds and grasses.

In our good drove, no sleek and fair,
No bones of beasting nature,
Yet stunning, hide-bound, gaunt as are these
Of Pharaoh's evil cattle
Each seems better known amongst the land
That fed him sweepingly;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining!

We've weight them where in warmest nooks
The sweetest feed is growing,
And proved them by the clearest brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing,
Where, at hillsides, copious rough
Are bright with early grasses,
Or tracking game, the wily hound's desert,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But, now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the waterside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest tone is keeping,
The night-bird's mournful to-whoo
The meadow mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine
Our tired-note beasts are weary
And through you silent hermit pines
Invites us all to tarry.
To-morrow, eastward with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Let you the paces of Kearsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

Where now—flames—we tie to-morn earth
Instead of birds are flitting;
Where children bring the gleaming mouth,
And quiet waves are hurting.
While in the five-light strong and clear
Young eyes of promise called answer,
Voices of all we see and hear
The music of home shall listen.

From many a northern lake and hill
To Ocean's far-off water,
Shall Freedom give the echoes still,
And make the long night shorter.
Then let us still, through sun and showers
And frost and cold of winter,
A truer, manlier life than ours
No son of toil is living!

Selected Articles.

A REASONABLE WOMAN!

The following is a letter from lady Compton to her husband, written in the early part of the seventeenth century. It may, we presume, be regarded as a fair specimen of the wants of a woman of spirit and fashion as those days, especially when she brought a handsome fortune to her husband, which was the case with Lady Compton:—

My Dearest Lord—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink us consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what sort I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the course of fleet, of estate, and of real policy, wh. religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to I pray and beseech you to grant me £1,000 per annum, quarterly to be paid.

Also, I would likewise that allowance for my apparel have £200 added yearly (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for.

Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow—none lend but I, none borrow but you.

Also, I would have two gentlewomen, not one should be lady or have more other but two—I esteme that it is an ordinement thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone when lord has himself and lord and Lady with a good estate.

Also, when, I ride a hunting or hawking, or ment from out house to another, I will have men attending for the estate of those said women. I must and will have for either of them a horse.

Also, I will have me or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coachers, one lined with velvet, or crymson, with my arms in embroidery, and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth—or laced with gold, the other will scarlet, and arred with watched lace and silver, with four good horses.

Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, one other for my women.

Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed to only carriages not spare horses or me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all gentlewomen, and my women to ride with women in her coach with chamber-maids, nor their's with wash-maids.

Also, for housekeepers, when I travel, I will have them send always before with four carriages to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the greene, that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean.

Also, for that it is indecend to crowd up myself into my gentlewomen's or my coach, I will have him to have a convenient place to attend me either in city or in country. And I must have two footmen. And my grooms or, that you define all the charges for me.

And for ornament, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel: six of them excellent good ones, right of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones.

Also, I would have to put in my purse £5,000 and £2500 and so for you to pay my debts.

Also, I would have £4,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

Now sweet I am to reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children myself, and their schooling; and also my servants mens and womens their wages.

Also, I will have my houses furnished, and all my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as to it, as beds, stools, chairs, window curtaines, carpets, silver morning pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like; as for my drawing chambers in all houses, I will have them definitely furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chair, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also, my desire is, that you would pay all my debts, build Ashby-House, and purchase lands—and lend me money (as you love God) to the Lord Chandelois, who would have all, perhaps you life from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, who (unfortunately) he gave me when you were at Tiltyard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and he said he would marry me. I protest, I guerve to see the poor man have no little wit and honesty, to use me with such liberty. But, by the me with such liberty. But, by the me with such liberty. But, by the